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Depot Street, Anderson, S. C.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

A Babe in the Middle for Fifty-Three Years.

Atlanta Constitution.

True as it is that it is hard to learn an old dog new tricks, so it is true that it is hard for an old man to quit his tricks.

I have stated before that Brown's family was mighty prolific. He was blessed with twelve fine girls and one boy—making thirteen. But Brown's trials and tribulations did not stop with this thirteen, if worrying with babies be a trial. Each of these twelve girls have been blessed with twelve children each, making 144 grandchildren for Brown to fondle since all of his own were out of the way. So it comes that for fifty-three winters Brown has had a babe to divide his bed with him and every time and all the time the babe must have the middle. This middle business is what Brown sooured on. He said it had grown monotonous. He was down-trodden, he thought, for there couldn't be a word said about turning the babe over on the outside but what the answer would be: "It will fall out."

"Let it fall," said Brown, "Fall and bedded, hain't I got some rights in my own bed? Hain't I drew up with the rheumatics from jumping up in the cold for 'em? I'm 'specting every minute now to have to get up and get the thing some water. It eat enough at supper for a grown hand. It will want a piece of bread, though, before morning. I'll be bound that and I'll have to light out bed to get it. Nobody don't lose any sleep over my troubling and falling and shivering and shaking. Nobody cares for me; I'm nothing. I'm a down-trodden old fool, that's what I is," and he would grip his gums together as he would turn over on the back railing of the bed with his face to the wall.

It had been about the state of affairs in Brown's room every night for some time until recently, when his old man got worried out with his grumbling and sent the last little grandchild home to its parents. Then he all looked for peace at night and Brown looked for comfort. The little child hadn't more than got to its daddy good before the "late unpleasantness" in the weather swooped down upon us. The first night—the night the wind blew so—I was listening to it as it sooted around the corner of the house and heard Brown's voice:

"Cover, more cover! Cover or blood!" His old wife was doing her best to pacify him, but I heard her say that all they had was on the bed and then Brown let out:

"I'll burn every quilt; I'll tear down the house! It's a trick got up on me because I had that hat to leave. Jerusalem! I'll freeze! You want me to freeze. Cover, cover, cover, I say!"

I lay and listened to this kind of talk and to the poor old wife trying to pacify him till I was fearful that something bad would happen before morning, so I spoke up and asked Brown to come into my room where there was a good fire burning and warm himself. He came, and in there I argued the point with him.

"Did you ever see it so cold?" was my starter.

"See nothing! It's a trick!" was his answer, as he turned first one side and then the other to the fire, then his face and then his back, then one foot and then the other and then his hands. He got to turning pretty fast, for the fire was mighty hot, as I asked him if he thought the weather was a trick? He stopped everything but shivering as he turned and gazed upon me. Between shivers, at last, he said:

"Trick; nothing but a trick! Hain't I seen it so cold that the timber in the woods was popping like cannon?"

"Yes," I answered as an arctic shiver caused him to put his other side to the fire.

"Wasn't I here on the 'cold Friday'?" he sneered.

"Yes."

"So cold then you could spit and it would freeze before it hit the ground?"

"Yes."

"I didn't have no such a time as this then. No, sir; never did. It's a trick. They have hid all the cover and opened holes in the house. Can't fool me. This hain't no weather."

It is sufficient to remark that Brown refused to allow me to dissuade his mind as to the trick business, nor would he listen to anything all next day, but in a day or two he softened, and it took another turn upon him. He got to believe that the weather was sent as a punishment for sending the babe away, and he began to coax at his wife to send and get it. Mrs. Brown is tolerably easy to be coaxed when she wants to be, but this time she would not hear of bringing the baby back. It was too much trouble at night for old folks like Brown and her—this was the way she talked, but she didn't mean it, she wanted it back, was obliged to have it back, but Brown was worried. He talked to me more in the last week about babies than in his whole life together before. I set by the fire yesterday and listened to a sort of dialogue between him and his wife.

"Fine time for catching rabbits," said Mrs. Brown, as she cut her eye out at the falling snow.

"Catch nothing," answered her husband, gloomily.

"Nothing to bother us," said she.

"Everything is bother," almost hissed Brown.

"Don't take much fire for just us two," she suggested sarcastically.

"Much! What do you call much?" Hain't I been lugging wood for over a week? Wood, wood; nothing but wood, and still the cry goes on!"

"Rest well at night, though?" she carelessly said.

"Rest! What do you call rest?"

"Plenty of room—no baby in the middle?"

"Room is nothing. The world is full of room."

Mrs. Brown would have gone on, but her husband seemed to get inspired by the suggestion of "room," arose and punching both his hands away down in his pockets, he sauntered out and took a look at the clouds. He came in with me directly, and poured out his feelings in about the following words:

"Plunkett," said he, "I have had a

hard life. For fifty-three winters I have had to worry with babies—sometimes twins. Some of 'em were colicky babies, some of 'em were stay-at-night-laughing babies, some of 'em were wants-some-water babies, and some were bound-to-kick-the-cover-off babies. I have done my share of stumbling round in the dark for bread and water and I've lost more than my share of sleep from the colicky and stay-at-night-laughing babies, but the baby that I have suffered the most from is the kicking baby that must sleep in the middle. Some of these kick with one foot and fling their hands wildly and are sorter pacified when you pat 'em and sing to 'em, but there is a kind of kicker—and the most of mine was of this sort—that humps himself like a Texas pony till his whole weight rests upon about an inch of backbone in the middle, then sends both feet flying one way while his hands go back the other way. This sort will freeze you, skin you and make you think 'bless it' forty times a night without half trying; at one founce they will fling themselves crossways and beat the drum with their feet down in your face and at another twirl, they are kicking the skin off you anywhere from your knees to the top of your head. All these I have had to deal with in its worst form, but I tell you, Plunkett, what it is—"

"What is it, Brown?" I asked, when I saw he was softening and wanted to confess.

"I must have a baby in the house and the baby must sleep in the middle."

So much for habit, Brown confesses it at last, everything went wrong when the baby was away, but he spirits the tobacco juice onto one corner of his lips, kinder gives his mouth a twist over to his left ear, shuts one eye and says:

"It's dinged strange that I never seed no weather before, as old as I is."

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Corned Beef.

Since bacon is going out of reach and out of the markets farmers who have beef cattle would do well to put up a few hundred pounds of corned beef. It will come in handy during the spring and summer. A barrel of good corned beef is much more agreeable in a family than a corned man, or even a half corned one. The beef should be good to begin with. No amount of salt and pickle will convert poor stringy beef into a palatable article. We give the following excellent receipt from the *Southern Farmer* for spiced corn beef:

Editor *Southern Farmer*: In your last issue I note your reply to H. A. M. Palestine, Arkansas, who requested a receipt for corned or pickling beef.

For years past I have pickled a beef every fall, for my family use, and wish that every farmer who subscribes to, and reads your paper, would add to his own enjoyment and his wife's larder a barrel of beef put up in brine made in the following proportions:

Four gallons of water.

Six pounds of salt.

Two and a half pounds of brown sugar.

Six ounces of salt-peter.

Two ounces of soda.

One ounce of allspice.

One ounce of cloves.

Boil the above, (except the spices) and skim off all impurities that rise on the surface, after which draw the fire from under the kettle, and put in the spices to boil which would only be to "waste the sweetness on the desert air." Let the brine get cold before using.

Out out your beef in suitable pieces, dissect the bones out of the hams and then wrap them with a strong twine. Rub all out edges of the beef with salt and let it lay over night to extract the blood.

I prefer a molasses barrel to all others for pickling beef. Sprinkle the bottom of the barrel lightly with salt. Wipe the blood off the pieces with a cloth and pack it down as closely and compactly as possible. Lay on a heading and weight with a heavy stone. After pouring the cold brine over the beef see that you have brine enough to cover it, and at the end of four weeks it is ready for use.

At the end of five weeks I take out the hams, hang and smoke them with my bacon. When sufficiently dry they are put in cotton sacks, removed to the store room and used for broiling and chipping. The balance is kept under brine until consumed as corn beef.

By this receipt you avoid the trouble of weighing the beef and then proportioning ingredients according to its weight.

The strength of your brine and all its ingredients being governed by the quality of water used a single piece of meat put in a barrel of the brine would take no more salt than if placed in a vessel and barely covered with it.

I prefer a young beef weighing from 600 to 800 pounds grown for family use, and bred by experience that it takes about twelve gallons of brine to cover it or three times the quantity of ingredients as above given.

Add two pounds more of salt to every four gallons of water (8 instead of 6) and the spices and no better brine was ever made for bacon hams than the above.

CHARLES W. ANDERSON.
Florence Station, Tenn.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and this is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

How the Money Came.

BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

It was in the early seventies. I was living on Bay Street, North Beach, San Francisco. Not long before, while driving on the Alameda—that beautiful avenue, shaded by the wide-branching willows planted by the first Jesuit fathers of San Jose and Santa Clara, for which good work I hereby give them my humble thanks—I had met with an accident that nearly ended my earthly experiences. The long-limbed, four-year-old trotter, taking fright by the collision of a hind-wheel of the buggy with a heavily-loaded lumber wagon, plunged forward, tearing off the entangled wheel, and then with a few frantic leaps came a crash, and I found myself describing a circle in the air. When I came down there was a blank in my recollection of events for I know not how long. When I regained my consciousness, a badly dislocated shoulder, and many bruises and wrenches attested the combined effects of gravity, propulsion and concussion on my corpus. I was taken to the house of my old friend, P. T. McCabe, where Drs. Caldwell and Thorne adjusted the dislocation, and mollified my bruises. Blessings on the memory of the master and mistress of that hospitable home, where true hospitality always smiled a welcome, and from which no needy woman or child was ever turned away empty handed.

Long weeks of pain followed the accident. The surgeons of San Francisco even talked of amputation at the shoulder joint—doubtless a very interesting operation, scientifically considered, but one that I felt that I would rather endure in person. I objected, the doctors desisted, and this sketch is penned with that same right arm, with an occasional twinge that reminds me of that ride and smash-up twenty years ago.

I was just able to move about the house, with the arm in a sling, walking softly, and trying to exhibit the patience I had so often commended to other persons. One day as I stood looking out of the bay window upon the ever restless, ever changing sea, it occurred to me that on that very day I had to make a payment at the bank of \$180, or serious trouble would result. The money was not at hand; I was unable to go down into the city to attend to that or any other business matter; there was nobody to send; the hour for the bank to close for the day would soon come—what could I do? To my inner ear a voice seemed to speak: "You profess to believe in prayer—so you have been teaching others for many years—why not pray?" Heeding the voice still and small—this voice is always still and small—I sank into a chair, and bowing my head upon the window-sill, prayed. A calm, indescribable sweet came upon me. It was the answering touch. (Whoso hath felt it will understand.) Lifted my head, I looked out, keeping my seat by the window. Across the flat between the end of the street-car line and my house I observed a man and a woman walking slowly along as if they were conversing on some subject of mutual interest. When they reached the foot of the terrace they turned and began to climb the steps that led up to our door. In answer to their ring, the servant opened to them, and in answer to their inquiry, told them I was at home, ushering them into the room where I was sitting.

"We are from Humboldt County," said the man; by agreement we have met here in San Francisco to be married, and we want you to perform the ceremony."

"Yes," said the lady, who was a rapid talker, "we are both strangers in the city, and when we left the Lick House awhile ago to find a minister we were at a loss, but your name suddenly came into my mind in connection with the recollection of some correspondence between us when you were Superintendent of Public Instruction and I was a teacher in the public school at Eureka. We agreed that if we could find you, we would like to have you marry us—and here we are."

She was very pretty, and smiled very sweetly as she spoke.

"Do you feel strong enough to go through with it?" asked the expectant bridegroom.

A glance at the pretty schoolmarm's beaming face inspired me with fresh strength and resolution, and I replied that I thought I could go through with the ceremony—and I did, he looking triumphant and she radiant at the close.

When the last words were said declaring them to be man and wife together, in the name of the Holy Trinity, he thrust his hand into his pocket and taking out what seemed to me a whole handful of gold, with something of a flourish, he handed it to me, saying:

"Will that do? If not there's plenty more where it came from."

I told him I thought it would do.

In a few moments they left, as happy-looking a pair as I ever met.

Retaining my curiosity until they had descended the first flight of steps, I then counted the marriage fee. There were just twenty-two dollar gold pieces—making the \$180 I needed, and \$20 more for good measure.

That is the way the money came.

At the very time my name suddenly occurred to the mind of the pretty little school teacher I was bowed in prayer in the bay window at North Beach. Free agency is never overborne, but by the processes of memory by suggestive touches and solicitations, it is moved upon by the Holy Spirit. A true prayer touches God, and he touches everything in the universe.

If there is here a suggestion for some reader, he will know what it is.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec., 1892.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

A Maryland factory states that it put up 4,000,000 cans of corn last season.

Took It at a Glance.

The death of Justice Lamar recalls a trait or faculty which he possessed in a remarkable degree. It has been said of him that he was able to read a newspaper article or a page of a book at what seemed to the observer to be but a glance. Manifestly this faculty or capacity gave him great advantage over ordinary men. He was able to devour books as if he were a literary glutton, with the difference that his powerful memory enabled him to digest at leisure what he had absorbed in haste.

Macaulay possessed the same faculty perhaps in a yet higher degree. He would take up a volume for an evening's intellectual enjoyment, and before he retired he had the contents fully impressed upon his marvellous mind. Dickens was another of these remarkably rapid readers. George Eliot's "Adam Bede" came to him one day. Before his ordinary bed time he had read it, and had pronounced this remarkable dictum: "That book was written by a woman." Others required days of leisure to read it, and the question of authorship was the riddle of the time in literary circles. Charles Sumner was another man who possessed this happy faculty.

A book, whether it was a volume of law, or of diplomatic correspondence, or a work of fiction, passed under his eye as if by a quick succession of glances. It was the same with Daniel Webster, who himself stated to a friend that when in college he read Don Quixote in a single night. In the case of both these distinguished men what they read in this way reappeared in a new dress in their speeches and in their writings. Of course a retentive memory was necessary to render the results of this rapid reading available, but it is plain that in their capacity to read rapidly they possessed an enormous advantage over their fellow men, and the question rises, is it possible to develop this faculty and make it more generally useful in the vast multiplication of books? It is impossible for the average reader to keep pace with the production merely of the best, to say nothing of turning backward to the wealth of the past. Indeed, in the hurry of modern life it is scarcely possible for the business man, for the society woman, or the more modest housewife to keep pace with the newspapers and snatch an occasional hour for the magazines. To all of these it would be an inestimable boon if they had the faculty of grasping sentences, paragraphs and perhaps pages at a little more than a glance. No one but the most illiterate now pays attention to the letters of which a word is composed.

It is not possible that by cultivation the average reader might catch words and sentences as letters are now caught by the most indifferent readers? A vast deal of energy is now devoted to teaching pupils to read more or less effectively in public. There is careful attention paid to articulation, to moderation, inflection, emphasis—all tending toward slow reading rather than rapidity in reading. What would be the result of changing the aim, and consequently deliberately modify the process, in our public schools? Is it not possible that with proper training in the more advanced grades—perhaps in the very lowest—children might be sent forth from the schools with something of the capacity which gave Macaulay, Dickens, Sumner, Webster and Lamar their tremendous advantage over others to grasp the meaning and the thought of an author without dwelling upon the separate words which expressed that thought? It is certainly something worth thinking of and discussing seriously. The burden of the best literature alone is already something almost beyond the capacity of the mind. Life is short and cares are pressing. Is not there something that can be done for the men and women who are to come after us, even though we have missed what a few rare minds possessed by accident? The subject is at least worth the consideration of educators, and it has heretofore been almost wholly ignored.—Augusta Chronicle.

Six Miles a Minute.

People are apt to indulge apprehensions about the movement of waves of the ocean which are erratic, born perhaps, of illusory influences. Every one has noticed the action of the wind on a field of corn, and seen the undulations caused by its crossing the field in a few seconds; but no one supposes that a single stock has left its place. As with the corn wave, says the Brooklyn Eagle, so with the water wave, the substance remains rising and falling in the same place, while it is only the form that moves. The speed of this movement depends on the speed of the wind. When a gentle breeze is blowing the friction between the atmosphere and the water is small, and only a slight ripple is produced, but should the velocity of the wind increase the ripples become waves or even billows, mountains of water, moving at a tremendous speed.

Waves which have resulted from earthquake shocks have traversed the ocean at a speed which is almost incredible.

For instance, the great earthquake which occurred at Samado, in Japan, caused a wave which traveled across the Pacific from that country to San Francisco, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles, in not much more than twelve hours—that is to say, it raced across the ocean, at the rate of about six and a half miles per minute. The self-acting tide gauges at San Francisco, which recorded the arrival of this great wave, rendered it quite certain that this was the actual rate of progress.

A single sheet of paper, six feet in width and seven and three-fourths miles in length, has been made, it is said, by the paper works at Watertown, N. Y. It is claimed that the sheet of paper weighed 2,207 pounds, and was made and rolled out without a single break.

A piece of petrified wood, weighing 814 pounds, is reported to have been recently unearthed near Elkton, O. According to geologists who have examined the nature of the petrification, its formation is believed to date back 3,500 years by the most conservative calculation.

Pruning Orchard Trees.

In passing through the country one cannot help observing that even the readers of the *Stockman* do not read carefully. An orchard containing large, thrifty apple trees is being pruned, for instance, and green limbs, four or five inches in diameter, are being cut off; and worse than this, instead of cutting close and smooth, so that the healing process may begin soon, stubs of from two to six inches in length are left sticking out—painful evidences, probably not of the carelessness of the workman, but his lack of information.

Unless an orchard is in a dying condition, it is very rare indeed that great big limbs should be cut off. Neglect for a number of years may make such pruning necessary. Interfering or crossing limbs or one branch of a fork, which the pruning knife could have removed at the right time, may have to be taken off; but only one, or at most, two, such large limbs should be pruned in one season.

Some take the ground that all pruning is wrong, because unnatural. This cannot be well sustained, for nature does not transplant and graft, and does not do many other things that the judgment and skill of man have shown to be beneficial. But while judicious pruning at proper times is not to be condemned, "cutting and slashing" is always wrong.

Another error of the pruner who does not understand is trimming up so as to leave a long, bare trunk exposed to the sun and to the attacks of the bark insect. The warm sun catches on the eggs of this insect, and the little creatures make their way to the inner bark, on which they feed at first, and the whole Southwest side of the trunk is destroyed before danger is apprehended. This insect (*Chrysobothris femorata*) is much more common in the central West than the apple tree borer of the East; and the most convenient way to head off is to shade the trunk by the growth of smaller branches (keeping them in check, of course) until the top of the tree is large enough to do the shading.

The pruning of the peach differs very materially from the foregoing. The tree, as a rule, receives less pruning than any other fruit tree, while it needs more. As is well known, it produces its crop on the wood of the previous year's growth; and as the terminal buds are most inclined to push, the height increases year by year, until in the time the tree has but a few long branches stretching away up, or out, with leaves, or leaves and fruit, at the top only.

Instead of this, the tree, by correct pruning, can be kept in good form, rather low and round-headed, or spreading all the limbs fairly within reach, with the fruit evenly distributed and easy to gather.

The pruning, which should be done annually in Spring, consists in cutting back the previous season's shoots, removing one-third to one-half (in length) and in addition to this, of the second or third year, cutting out about one-tenth of these shoots, as they become too numerous.

Three things are gained by this: (1) Keeping the top of the tree in proper shape; (2) Maintaining a regular supply of bearing wood; (3) Reducing the crop of fruit, and thus saving the tree from the bad effects of overbearing, and adding to the size and quality of the fruit allowed to remain.

The time for the work, as stated above, is in the Spring, any time before the trees are in full leaf, but a moderate pruning, even when the leaves are fully developed, is better than not to prune at all.—The Stockman.

A Romantic Marriage.

Miss Ruth Thackston, daughter of Thomas J. Thackston, of this place, was married on July 31st last to William Brockman, at Rocky Creek church, this County, by the Rev. C. A. Jones.

The marriage was kept a secret and was not known to a soul except the contracting parties, the minister, and the witnesses until a day or two ago.

Miss Thackston was teaching in a school near Batesville, and it was there that she met Mr. Brockman, who is the son of a well to do farmer of that section. The marriage last July was the result of the attachment that sprang up between them.

Last fall Mr. Brockman went to Louisville, Ky., to study medicine, and Miss Thackston also went to the same city shortly afterward to take training as a professional nurse.

All this time the parents of both young people were in entire ignorance of the marriage, but reports began to leak out from the witnesses concerning the clandestine ceremony at Rocky Creek church on the 31st of July, although as the reports could be traced to no responsible source they were not believed.

Not many days ago, however, the young lady wrote to her father asking him if he would have any objection to her marrying William Brockman. He replied that he had no objection to the young man, who, from what he knew and could learn about him, was upright and trustworthy. Great was his surprise when a few days after to learn from a letter which the young lady wrote to her uncle, Treasurer Thackston, evidently in reply to her father's letter, that she had married Brockman last summer.

The minister who performed the ceremony is now a student at Furman university, and now that the story is out, tells the particulars of the romantic affair.

Mrs. Brockman is a handsome blonde who has many friends and admirers throughout this County.—Greenville News.

We have just found out why block-ade liquor is called wild cat juice. Not long since when the revenue officers upped a distillery in the mountains, out fell a well cooked wild cat, together with a peck of buckeye roots and tobacco stems. The cat fell in one of the still tubs and when the still was filled up in darkness the cat was not discovered. The wild cat ingredients make a man fight, the tobacco makes him sick and the buckeye roots give him gas.

SNOW.

During winter we frequently see the ground covered with snow. Everybody observes its fall, but very few people give themselves the trouble to inquire into its nature and uses. Such is too generally the case with those objects which daily come under our notice, and from which we derive very considerable advantages. Often, indeed, the very things most deserving of our attention are those which we chiefly neglect. Let us henceforth be more rational, and begin by devoting some moments to the consideration of snow.

It is formed by very subtle vapors, which, being congealed in the atmosphere, fall down in flakes, more or less thick. In our climate these flakes are pretty large